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THE INTERLUDE

OF THE

DISOBEDIENT CHILD,

BY

THOMAS INGELEND.

EDITED BY

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, F.R.S.

F.S.A., HON. M.R.I.A., HON. M.R.S.L., F.R.A.S., ETC.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,

BY RICHARDS, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

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PREFACE.

So little is known respecting the history of the following Tract, that it is rather from an unwillingness to depart from the usual custom of affixing introductions to our reprints, than from any expectation of satisfying the slightest curiosity, that a few lines are here prefixed. The Interlude of "the Disobedient Child" was written about the middle of the sixteenth century, by Thomas Ingelend, who is described in the early printed copy as "late Student in Cambridge," and his fame seems to rest entirely on that production, for he is not to be traced in any other early literary record. It has been supposed by some writers, from a few indistinct allusions in the play to Catholic customs, that it was composed in the reign of Henry VIII; but if this be the case, the notice of Queen Elizabeth introduced towards

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the close of the drama, must be an interpolation, a supposition not unlikely to be correct; for the audience are elsewhere reminded to "serve the king." The printed edition by Colwell is without date, but it was published about the year 1560. Two copies of this work which I have collated differ in some slight particulars from each other, but there is not sufficient reason for thinking that there were two editions, for it was formerly a very common practice to correct and alter the press whilst the impression was being taken.

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A pretie and mery new Enterlude, called The Disobedient Child.

compiled by Thomas Ingelend, late Student in Cambridge.

¶ Imprinted at London, in Fletestrete, beneath the Conduit, by Thomas Colwell.

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The Players' names.

THE PROLOGUE SPEAKER.

THE RYCHE MAN.

THE RYCHE MAN'S SONNE.

THE MAN COOKE.

THE WOMAN COOKE.

THE YOUNG WOMAN.

THE SERVINGMAN.

THE PRIEST.

THE DEVYLL.

THE PERORATOR.

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THE DISOBEDIENT CHILD.

THE PROLOGUE.

THE PROLOGUE SPEAKER.

NOWE forasmuche as in these latter dayes,
Throughout the whole world in every lande
Vice doth encrease, and vertue decayes,
Iniquitie havynge the upper hande;
We therefore intende, good gentle audience,
A pretie short interlude to playe at this present,
Desyrynge your leave and quiet silence
To shewe the same, as is mete and expedient.*
The sume wherof, matter and argument,
In two or thre verses briefly to declare,
Synce that it is for an honest intent,
I wyll somewhat bestowe my care.
In the citie of London there was a ryche man,
Who lovynge his sonne moste tenderlye,
Moved hym earnestly, now and than,
That he woulde gyve his mynde to studye,

* These first eight lines are also found in the interlude introduced into the play of Sir Thomas More, printed by the Shakespeare Society, p. 60.

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Sayinge that by knowledge, scyence, and learnynge,
Is at last gotten a pleasaunt life,
But throughe the want and lacke of this thynge,
Is purchased povertie, sorowe, and stryfe:
His sonne, notwithstandynge this gentle monicion,
As one that was cleane devoyde of grace,
Dyd turne to a mocke and open derysion,
Moste wickedly with an unshamefast* face;
In-so-muche that, contrarye to his fathers wyll,
Unto a yonge woman he dyd consente,
Wherby of lust he might have his fyll,
And maryed the same incontynente.†
Not longe after that, the childe began
To feele his wyffes great frowardenes,
And called hymselfe unhappye man,
Oppressed with paynes and heavynes,
Who before that time, dyd lyve blessedly,
Whilst he was under his fathers wynge;
But nowe beynge weddyd, mournynge and myserye
Dyd hym torment without endynge.
But nowe it is tyme for me to be goynge,
And hence to departe for a certeyne space,
For I do heare the Ryche Man comynge
With the wanton boye into this place.

Here the Prologue Speaker goeth out, and in commeth the Ryche Man and his sonne.

---

* Without shame—shameless.

† Immediately. See Othello, Act iv, sc. 3.

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THE SONNE.

Father, I beseche you, father, shewe me the waye,
What thynge I were best to take in hand,
Whereby this shorte lyfe so spend I maye,
That all gryefe and trouble I myght withstande.

THE FATHER.

What is the meanynge, my childe, I the praye,
This question to demaunde of me ?
For that thynge to do I am glad alwaye,
Which shoulde not be grevous to the.

S. Marye, but therfore of you counsell I take,
Seynge nowe my chyldehood I am cleane past,
That unto me ye playnely do make
What to a yong man is best for to tast.

F. I see nothinge truely, my sonne, so mete,
And to prove so profytable for the,
As unto the schole to move thy feete,
With studious laddes there for to be.

S. What, the schole ! naye, father, naye !
Go to the schole is not the best waye.

F. Saye what thou lyste, for I can not invent
A waye more commodyous to my judgement.*

S. It is well knowne howe that ye have loved
Me heretofore at all tymes most tenderlye,
But now (me thynke) ye have playnely shewed
Certayne tokens of hatred;
For if I shoulde go to my booke after your advyse,

---

* That is, according to my judgement. See Lear, Act i, sc. 4.

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Whiche have spent my chyldehood so pleasauntlye,
I maye then seeme dryven out of Paradyse,
To take payne and woe, gryefe and myserye:
All thynges I had rather sustayne and abyde,
The busynes of the schole ones cast asyde;
Therfore thoughe ye crye tyll ye reve* asunder,
I wyll not meddle with such a matter.

F. Why can not I thee thus much perswade?
For that in my mynde is the best trade.

S. Whan all is saide and all is done,
Concernynge all thynges, both more and lesse,
Yet lyke to the schole none under the sonne
Bryngeth to children so much heavynesse.

F. What though it be paynfull, what though it be grevous,
For so be all thynges at the fyrste learnynge,
Yet mervalous pleasure it bryngeth unto us,
As a rewarde for suche paynes takynge.
Wherfore come of and be of good cheare,
And go to thy booke without any feare,
For a man without knowledge (as I have read),
Maye well be compared to one that is dead.

S. No more of the schole, no more of the booke;
That wofull worke is not for my purpose,
For upon those bookes I maye not looke;
If so I dyd, my laboure I should lose.

F. Why than to me thy fansye expresse,
That the schole matters to the are counted werynesse.

---

* To split, or burst. Generally spelt *rive*.

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S. Even as to a great man, wealthy and ryche,
Service and bondage is a harde thynge,
So to a boye, both dayntie and nyce,*
Learnynge and studye is greatly displeasynge.

F. What, my chylde, displeasynge, I praye the?
That maketh a man lyve so happyly.

S. Yea, by my trouth, suche kynde of wysdome
Is to my hearte, I tell you, very lothesome.

F. What tryall therof hast thou taken,
That the schole of thee is so ill bespoken?

S. What tryall therof would ye fayne knowe?
Nothynge more easy then this to showe:
At other boyes handes I have it learned,
And that of those truely most of all other,
Which for a certen tyme have remayned
In the house and pryson of a scholemayster.

F. I dare well saye, that there is no myserye,
But rather joye, pastyme, and pleasure
Alwayes with scholers kepynge company;
No lyfe to this I the well assure.

S. It is not true, father, which you do saye;
The contrarye therof is proved alwaye,
For as the brute goeth by many a one,
Their tender bodyes both nyght and daye
Are whypped and scourged, and beate lyke a stone,
That from toppe to toe the skyn is awaye.

F. Is there not (saye they) for them in this case,
Gyven other whyle for pardon some place?

---

* Both tender and delicate.

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S. None, truely, none; but that alas, alas,
Diseases amonge them do growe apase;
For out of their backe and syde doth floe
Of verye goore bloode merveylous abundance;
And yet for all that, is not suffered to goe,
Tyll death be almost seene in their countenaunce.
Shoulde I be content then thyther to runne,
Where the bloude from my breeche thus should spunne,
So longe as my wyttes shall be myne owne,
The scholehouse for me shall stande alone.*

F. But I am sure that this kynde of facion
Is not shewed to children of honest condicion.

S. Of trouth, with these maisters is no dyfference,
For alyke towardes all is their wrathe and violence.

F. Sonne, in this poynt thou art quyte deceyved,
And without doubte falsely perswaded,
For it is not to be judged that any scholemayster
Is of so great fiersenes and crueltye,
And of yonge infantes so sore a tormenter,
That the breath shoulde be about to leave the bodye.

S. Father, this thynge I coulde not have beleved,
But of late dayes I dyd beholde
An honest man's sonne hereby buryed,
Which throughe many strypes was dead and colde.

F. Peradventure, the childe of some disease did laboure,
Which was the cause of his sepulture.†

---

* *Stande alone.* Compare Troilus and Cressida, i, 2.

† Burial. From the Latin.

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S. With no disease, surely, was he disquieted,
As unto me it was reported.

F. If that with no such thynge he were infected,
What was the cause that he departed?

S. Men saye that of this man, his bloudy mayster,
Who lyke a lyon most commonly frowned,
Beynge hanged up by the heeles togyther,
Was bealy and buttocke grevouslye whipped;
And last of all (whiche to speake I trembled),
That his head to the wall he had often crushed.

F. Thus to thynke, sonne, thou art beguyled verelye,
And I woulde wysshe the to suppose the contrary,
And not for suche tales my counsell to forsake,
Which only do covet thee learned to make.

S. If Demosthenes and Tully were present, truely
They coulde not prynt* it within my head depely.

F. Yet by thy father's wyll and intercession,
Thou shalt be content that thinge to pardon.

S. Commaunde what ye lyst, that onely excepted,
And I will be redy your mynde to fulfyll,
But whereas I shulde to the schole have resorted,
My hande to the palmer submyttynge styll,
I wyll not obey ye therin, to be playne,
Thoughe with a thousande strokes I be slayne.

F. Wo is me, my sonne, wo is me,
This heavy and dolefull daye to see.

S. I graunt, indede, I am your sonne,
But you my father shall not be,

---

* Impress. Compare Much Ado about Nothing, iv, 1.

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If that you wyll cast me into that pryson,
Where torne in peices ye myght me see.
F. Where I myght see thee torne and rente?
O Lord, I coulde not suche a dede invent!
S. Naye, by the masse, I holde* ye a grote
Those cruell tyrauntes cut not my throte:
Better it were myselfe dyd sleye,
Then they with the rodde my flesshe shoulde fleye.
Well I woulde we dyd this talke omyt,
For it is lothesome to me every whyt.
F. What trade then (I praye the) shall I devyse,
Wherof thy lyvinge at length maye aryse?
Wilte thou folowe warfare, and a soldiour be pointed,
And so amonge Troyans and Romaynes be nombred?
S. See ye not, maysters, my fathers advyse?
Have ye the lyke at any time harde?
To wyll me therto he is not wyse,
If my yeares and strength he dyd regarde;
Ye speake worse and worse, whatsoever ye saye;
This maner of life is not a good waye,
For no kynde of offyce can me please,
Which is subjecte to woundes and strokes alwayes.
F. Somwhat to do it is mete and convenient;
Wylte thou then gyve thy dylygent endevoure
To let thy youth unhonestly be spent,

---

* Bet. See Taming of the Shrew,—

Now, by Saint Jamy,
I *hold* you a penny.

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And do as poore knaves, which jaxes* do scoure?
For I do not see that any good arte,
Or els honest science, or occupacion,
Thou wylte be contente to have a parte,
After thy father's mynde and exhortacion.
S. Ha, ha, ha, a laboure in very deede!
God send hym that lyfe which standes in neede:
There be many fathers that chyldren have,
And yet not make the worst of them a slave,
Might not you of yourselfe be well ashamed,
Which wolde have your sonne thyther constraynede?
F. I woulde not have the dryven to that succoure,
Yet for bycause the scriptures declare,
That he shoulde not eate, which wyll not laboure,
Some worke to do it must be thy care.
S. Father, it is but a folye with you to stryve,
But yet notwithstandynge I hope to thryve.
F. That this thyne intente maye take good successe,
I praye God hartely of hys goodnes.
S. Well, well, shall I in fewe wordes reherse
What thinge doth most my conscience perse?†
F. Therwith I am, sonne, very well contented.
S. Yea, but I thynke that ye wyll not be pleased.
F. Indede, peradventure it may so chaunce.
S. Naye, but I praye ye, without any perchaunce,
Shall not my request turne to your grevaunce?
F. If it be just and lawfull, which thou doest requyre.
S. Both just and lawfull, have ye no feare.

---

* Jakes. Compare Lear, ii, 2. † Pierce.

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F. Nowe, therfore, aske ; what is thy peticion ?
S. Loe, this it is, without further dilacion ;*
For so much as all yong men for this my beautie,
As the moone the starres, I do farre excell,
Therfore out of hande,† with all spede possibly,
To have a wife (me thynke) wolde do well,
For now I am yonge, lyvely, and lustie,
And welcome besydes to all mennes companye.
F. Good Lord, good Lord, what do I here ?
S. Is this your begynnynge to performe my desyre?
F. Alas ! my chylde, what meaneth thy dotynge ?
Why doest thou covet thy owne undoynge ?
S. I knowe not in the worlde howe to do the thynge,
That to his stomacke maye be delyghtynge.
F. Why, foolysshe ideot, thou goest about a wyfe,
Which is a burthen and yoke all thy lyfe.
S Admyt she shall as a burden with me remayne,
Yet wyll I take one, if your good wyll I attayne.
F. Sonne, it shall not be thus, by my counsell.
S. I truste ye wyll not me otherwise compell.
F. If thou were as wyse as I have judged the,
Thou woldest in this case be ruled by me.
S. To folowe the contrarye I can not be turned ;
My harte theron is styffly fixed.
F. What, I saye, about thine owne distruction ?
S. No, no, but about myne own salvation :
For if I be helped, I swere by the masse,
It is onely maryage that brynges it to passe.

---

* Delay. † *Out of hande*, at once.

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It is not the schole, it is not the booke,
It is not science or occupacion ;
It is not to be a barbour or cooke,
Wherein is now set my consolacion ;
And synce it is thus, be, father, content,
For to marye a wyfe I am full bent.

F. Well, if thou wylt not, my sonne, be ruled,
But nedes wyll folowe thyne owne foolysshenes,
Take hede, hereafter, if thou be troubled,
At me thou never seeke redresse ;
For I am certeyn thou canst not abyde
Any payne at all, gryefe, or vexation,
Thy chyldhood with me so easely dyd slyde,
Full of all pastyme and delectacyon ;
And if thou woldest folowe the booke and learnynge,
And with thyselfe, also, take a wyse waye,
Then thou mayst get a gentleman's lyvynge,
And with many other beare a great swaye :*
Besydes this, I wolde in time to come
After my power, and small habylytie,
Helpe the and further the, as my wysdome
Shulde me most counsell for thy commodytie.
And such a wyfe I woulde prepare for the,
As should be vertuous, wise and honest,
And gyve the wyth her after my degree,
Wherby thou mightest alwayes lyve in rest.

S. I cannot, I tell ye agayne, so much of my lyfe

---

* Compare Comedy of Errors, Act ii, sc. 1.

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Consume at my booke, without a wyfe.

F. I perceyve, therfore, I have done to well,
And shewed overmuch favoure to the,
That now agaynst me thou doest rebell,
And for thyne owne furtheraunce wylt not agree.
Wherfore of my goodes thou gettest not a peny,
Nor any succoure els at my handes,
For such a childe is most unworthy
To have any parte of his fathers landes.

S. I do not esteeme, father, your goodes or landes,
Or any parte of all your treasure;
For I judge it ynoughe to be out of bandes,
And from this daye forwarde to take my pleasure.

F. Well, if it shall chaunce the thy folye to repent,
As thou art lyke within short space,
Thynke none but thyselfe worthy to be shent,*
Lettynge my councell to take no place.

S. As touchyng that matter, I wyll no man blame:
Now farewell, father, most hartely for the same.

F. Farewell, my sonne, departe in Goddes name!

S. Rome,† I saye; rome, let me be gone:
My father, if he lyst, shall tarye alone.

Here the Sonne goeth out, and the Ryche Man taryeth behinde alone.

THE FATHER.

Nowe at the last I do my selfe consyder

---

* Blamed—scolded. See Merry Wives of Windsor, i, 4. The older meaning of the term is *ruined*, but Elizabethan writers generally employ it in the sense here mentioned.

† Compare the Midsummer Night's Dream, ii, 1.

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Howe great griefe it is, and hevynes,
To every man that is a father,
To suffre his chylde to folowe wantonnes:
If I myght lyve a hundred yeares longer,
And shoulde have sonnes and daughters many,
Yet for this boyes sake, I wyll not suffer
One of them all at home with me to tarye;
They shoulde not be kept thus under my wynge,
And have all that which they desyre;
For why, it is but theyr onely undoynge,
And after the proverbe, we put oyle to the fyre.*
Wherfore we parentes must have a regarde,
Our chyldren in time for to subdue,
Or els we shall have them ever untowarde,
Yea, spyteful, disdaynfull, nought, and untrue.
And let us them thruste alwaye to the schole,
Wherby at their bookes they maye be kept under:
And so we shall shortely their courage coole,
And brynge them to honestie, vertue and nurture.
But, alas! now a dayes (the more is the pyté),
Science and learnynge is so lytell regarded,
That none of us doth muse or studye
To see our chyldren well taught and instructed.
We decke them, we trym them with gorgous araye,
We pampre and fede them, and kepe them so gaye,
That in the ende of all this they be our foes.
We basse them, kysse them, we looke rounde about;

* "Bring oil to fire," King Lear, ii, 2. Compare also All's Well that ends Well, v, 3.

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We mervaile and wonder to see them so leane ;
We ever anone do invent and seeke out
To make them go tricksie,* gallant, and cleane :
Which is nothynge els but the very provokynge
To all unthriftynes, vice, and iniquitie ;
It puffeth them up, it is an allurynge
Their fathers and mothers at length to defye.
Which thing myne owne sonne doth playnely declare,
Whom I alwayes intierly have loved;
He was so my joye, he was so my care,
That now of the same I am despised.
And now he is hence from me departed,
He hath no delyght with me to dwell ;
He is not merye untyll he be maryed,
He hath of knaverye tooke such a smell.†
But yet seynge that he is my sonne,
He doth me constrayne bytterly to weepe,
I am not (me thynke) well, tyll I be gone ;
For this place I can no lenger keepe.

Here the Ryche Man goeth out, and the two cookes commeth in ; first the one, then the other.

THE MAN COOKE.

Make hast, Blaunche, blabbe it out, and come awaye,
For we have ynoughe to do all this whole daye ;
Why, Blaunche, blabbe it out, wilt thou not come,
And knowest what busynes there is to be done ?

---

* Neat. "My tricksy spirit," Tempest, v, 1.

† "Smell of calumny."—Measure for Measure, ii, 4.

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If thou maye be set with the pot at thy nose,
Thou carest not how other matters goes ;
Come awaye I byd the, and tarye no longer,
To trust to thy helpe I am much the better.

THE MAYDECOOKE.

What, a murryn ! I say, what a noyse doest thou make !
I thynke that thou be not well in thy wyttes !
I never harde man on this sorte to take,
With suche angry wordes and hastie fyttes.

Man. Why, dost thou remembre what is to be bought
For the great brydale agaynst to-morowe ?
The market must be in every place sought
For all kynde of meates ; God gyve the sorow !

Mayd. What banngyng, what cursynge, Longtong, is with the !
I made as much spede as I coulde possyblye ;
I wys thou mightest have taryed for me,
Untill in all pointes I had ben redye ;
I have for thee looked full oft heretofore,
And yet for all that sayde never the more.

Man. Well, for this ones I am with thee content,
So that hereafter thou make more hast ;
Or els, I tell thee, thou wylte it repent,
To loyter so longe tyll the market be past.
For there must be bought byefe, veeale, and mutton,
And that even such as is good and fat,
With pigge, geese, conyes, and capon ;
Howe sayest thou, Blaunche ? blabbe it out unto that ?

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Mayd. I can not tell, Longtonge, what I shoulde saye;
Of such good cheare I am so glad,
That if I woulde not eate all that daye,
My bealy to fyll I were verye made!
Man. There must be also fesaunte and swanne;
There must be heronsewe, patriche, and quayle;
And therfore I must do what I can,
That none of all these the gentleman fayle.
I dare say he lookes for many thinges moe,
To be prepared against to morne;
Wherfore I saye, hence let us goe,
My feete do stande upon a thorne.
Mayd. Naye, good Longtonge, I praye ones agayne
To here yet of my mynde a worde or twayne.
Man. Come of, then: dispatche, and speake it quicklye,
For what thynge it is thou causest me tary.
Mayd. Of whence is this gentleman that to morowe is maryed?
Where doth his father and his mother dwell?
Above fourty myles he hath travayled,
As yester nyght his servaunte dyd tell.
Man. In verye dede, he commes a great waye,
With my mayster he may not longe abyde;
It hath cost hym so muche on costly araye,
That money out of his purse doth slyde.
They saye that his frendes be ryche and wealthy,
And in the cytie of London hath their dwellynge,
But yet of them all he hath no peny

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To spende and bestowe here at his weddynge.
And if it is true that his servaunte dyd saye,
He hath utterly lost his fryndes good wyll,
Bycause he wolde not their counsayle obaye,
And in his owne countrey* tarye styll;
As for this woman, which he shall marye,
At Sainct Albones alwayes hath spent her lyfe;
I thynke she be a shrew, I tell the playnely,
And full of debate, malyce, and stryfe.

Mayd. Thoughe I never sawe this woman before,
Which hither with him this gentleman brought,
Yet nevertheles I have tokens in score,
To judge of a woman that is froward and nought.
The typ of her nose is as sharpe as myne,
Her tonge and her tune† is very shryll;
I warraunt her she commes of an ungracius kyn,
And loveth to much her pleasure and wyll:
What, thoughe she be now so neate and so nyce,
And speaketh as gentle as ever I hearde:
Yet yong men, which be both wytté and wyse,
Such lookes, and such wordes, shulde not regarde.

Man. Blaunch, blabbe it out; thou sayest verye true;
I thinke thou beginnest at length to preache:
This thynge to me is straunge and new,
To heare such a foole yong men to teache.

Mayd. A foole! mine owne Longtong! why calst thou me foole?

---

* Often used formerly for *county*. † Voice.

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Thoughe nowe in the kytchyn I waste the daye,
Yet in tymes paste I went to schole,
And of my Laten prymer I tooke assaye.

Man. Maysters, thys woman dyd take such assaye,
And then in those dayes so applyed her booke,
That one worde therof she carryed not awaye,
But then of a scholer was made a cooke.
I dare saye she knoweth not howe her primer began,
Which of her mayster she learned than.

Mayd. I trowe it began with *Domine, labia aperies.*

Man. What, dyd it begyn with *butterde peeas?*

Mayd. I tell the agayne, with *Domine, labia aperies,*
If nowe to heare it be thyne ease.

Man. How, how, with my madame laye in the peeas?

Mayd. I thynke thou art mad! with *Domine, labia aperies.*

Man. Yea, mary I judged it went such wayes;
It began with, Dorithe, lay up the keyes!

Mayd. Naye then, god night; I perceyve by thys geare,
That none is so deafe as who wyll not heare;
I spake as playnely as I could devise,
Yet me understande thou canst in no wyse!

Man. Why, yet ones agayne, and I wyll better lysten,
And looke upon the howe thy lyppes do open.

Mayd. Well, marke then, and hearken ones for all,
Or els heare it agayne thou never shall;
My booke, I saye, began with *Domine, labia aperies.*

Man. Fye, fye, how slowe am I of understandynge!
Was it all this whyle, *Domine, labia aperies?*
Belyke I have lost my sense of hearynge,

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With broylynge and burnynge in the kytchyn adayes.*

Mayd. I promysse the thou semest to have done lytell better,
For that I wote in my lyfe I never sawe
One lyke to thyself, in so easye a matter,
Unlesse he were deafe, thus playe the dawe.†

Man. Come on, come on, we have almost forgotten
Such plentie of victualles as we shulde bye;
It were almes,‡ by my trothe, thou were well beaten,
Bycause so longe thou hast made me tarye.

Mayd. Tush, tusshe, we shall come in very good season,
If so be thou goest as fast as I;
Take up thy basket, and quickely have done,
We wyll both be there by and by.

Man. I for my parte wyll never leave runnynge,
Untyll that I come to the signe of the Whitynge.

Here the two Cookes runne out, and in commeth the Yong-man and the Yong-woman his lover.

THE YONG WOMAN.

Where is my sweetynge,§ whom I do seeke?
He promysed me to have mette me here:
Tyll I speake with him I thinke it a weeke,
For he is my joye, he is my chere!
There is no night, there is no daye,

---

* In the daytime. † The simpleton. See 1 Henry VI.

‡ A common phrase, equivalent to, it were a good thing. See Much Ado about Nothing, ii, 3.

§ "What, sweeting, all amort."—Taming of the Shrew.

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But that my thoughts be all of hym ;
I have no delyght if he be awaye,
Such toyes in my heade do ever swym.
But beholde, at the last, where he doth come,
For whom my harte desyred longe ;
Now shall I know all an some,*
Or els I woulde saye I had great wronge.

THE YONG MAN.

My darlynge, my conye,† my byrde so bryght of blee ;‡
Sweete harte, I saye, all hayles to thee !
How do our loves ? be they fast asleepe ?
Or the old lyvelynes do they styll keepe ?

Y. W. Do ye aske and§ my love be fast a-sleepe ?
O if a woman maye utter her mynde,
My love had almost made me to weepe,
Bycause that even now I dyd not you fynde ;
I thought it surely a whole hundred yere,‖
Tyll in this place I sawe you here.

Y. M. Alacke, alacke, I am sorye for this !
I had such business I myght not come ;
But ye may perceyve what my wyt is,
How small regarde I have and wisdome.

Y. W. Wheras ye aske me concernynge my love,
I well assure you it doth dayly augment ;
Nothynge can make me starte or move ;
You onely to love is myne intent.

---

* Altogether—entirely. † Rabbit. A term of endearment.

‡ My lady so fair in countenance. The expression is common in our early romances. § If.

‖ "Twelve year since."—Tempest.

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Y. M. And as for my love doth never relente,
For of you I do dreame, of you I do thynke;
To dynner and supper I never went,
But of beere and wyne to you I dyd drinke.
Now of such thynkes* therfore to make an ende,
Which pytyfull lovers do cruelly torment,
To maryage, in Goddes name, let us discende,
As unto this howre we have bene bente.

Y. W. Your wyll to accomplysshe I am as redye
As any woman, beleve me truelye.

Y. M. This rynge then I gyve you as a token sure,
Wherby our love shall alwayes endure.

Y. W. With a pure pretence your pledge I take gladly,
For a signe of our love, fayth, and fydelytie.

Y. M. Nowe I am safe, nowe I am glad,
Nowe I do lyve, nowe I do raigne:
Me thought tyll now I was to sad,
Wherfore, sadness, flye hence agayne!
Awaye with those words which my father brought out!
Awaye with his saigenes and exhortacion!
He coulde not make me his foole or his lowte,
And put me besydes this delectacion.
Dyd he judge that I woulde go to the schoole,
And might my tyme spende after this sorte?
I am not his calfe,† nor yet his foole;
This virgin I kysse is my comforte!

---

* Things. A provincialism.

† A term of contempt for a fool.— See Much Ado about Nothing, iii, 3.

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Y. W. Well than, I praye you let us be maryed,
For methynke from it we have longe taryed.

Y. M. Agreed, my sweetynge, it shalbe then done,
Synce that thy good wyll I have goten and wone.

Y. W. There wold this daye be very good cheare,
That every one his bealy maye fyll,
And thre or foure minstrelles wolde be here,
That none in the house syt idle or styll.

Y. M. Take ye no thought for abundaunce of meate,
That shoulde be spent at our brydale,
For there shalbe ynought for all men to eate,
And minstrelles besydes therto shall not fayle.
The cookes I dare saye, a good whyle agone,
With such kynde of flesshe as I dyd them tell,
Are from the market both come home,
Or els, my owne conye, they do not well.
I knewe before that I come to this place,
We shoulde be maryed togyther thys daye,
Which caused me then forthwith in this case
To sende for victualles or I came awaye.

Y. W. Wherfore then (I praye ye) shall we go to our inne,
And looke that every thinge be made redye,
Or els all is not worth a brasse pynne,*
Such hast is requyred in matrymonye.

Y. M. I thinke sixe a clocke it is not much passed,
But yet to the priest we wyll make hast,
That accordynge to custome we maye be both coupled,
And with a stronge knot for ever bounde fast:

---

* "At a pin's fee."—Hamlet.

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Yet ere I departe, some songe I wyll synge,
To the intent to declare my joye without feare,
And in the mean tyme you maye, my swetynge,
Rest yourselfe in this lytell chayre.

THE SONGE.

Spyte of his spyte, which that in vayne,
Doth seeke to force my fantasye,
I am profest for losse or gayne,
To be thyne owne assuredlye:
Wherfore let my father spyte* and spurne,
My fantasye wyll never turne!
Although my father of busye wytte,
Doth babble styll, I care not tho;
I have no feare, nor yet wyll flytte,
As doth the water to and fro;
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasye wyll never turne!
For I am set and wyll not swerve,
Whom spytefull speache removeth nought;
And synce that I thy grace deserve,
I count it is not derely bought;
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasie wyll never turne!
Who is afrayde, let you hym flye,
For I shall well abyde the brunte:
Maugre to hys lyppes that lysteth to lye,
Of busye braynes as is the wonte;
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasye wyll never turne!

* Anger. "And that which spites me more than all these wants."—Taming of the Shrew.

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Who lysteth therat to laugh or loure,*
I am not he that ought doth retche ;
There is no payne that hath the power,
Out of my brest your love to fetche ;
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasye wyll never turne !
For wheras he moved me to the schoole,
And onely to folowe my booke and learnenynge:
He coulde never make me such a foole,
With all his softe woordes and fayre speakynge ;
Wherfore, &c.
This mynion here, this myncing† trull,‡
Doth please me more a thousande folde,
Then all the earthe that is so full
Of precious stones, sylver and golde ;
Wherfore, &c.
Whatsoever I dyd it was for her sak,
It was for her love and onely pleasure ;
I count it no laboure suche laboure to take,
In gettynge to me so hyghe a treasure.
Wherfore, &c.
This daye I intended for to be mery,
Althoughe my harde father be farre hence,
I knowe no cause for to be hevye,
For all this coste and great expence.
Wherfore, &c.

---

* To look sad. This term is often incorrectly explained. "Fye, how impatience lowreth in your face" (Com. Err.) *i. e.* makes your face look sad, opposed to the "merry look".

† Compare Merchant of Venice, iii, 4.

‡ Not a term of reproach.— Cf. 1 Hen. VI.

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Y. M. How lyke ye this songe, my owne swete Rose?
Is it well made for our purpose?

Y. W. I never harde in all my lyfe a better,
More pleasaunte, more meete for the matter;
Now let us go then, the mornynge is nye gone,
We can not any longer here remaine:
Farewell, good masters everyechone,
Tyll from the churche we come agayne.

Here they go out, and in commeth the Priest alone.

Syrs, by my trouth it is a worlde to see* ✓
The exceedynge negligence of every one,
Even from the hyest to the lowest degree
Both goodnes and conscience is cleane gone.
There is a yonge gentelman in this towne,
Who this same daye now must be maryed:
Yet thoughe I woulde bestowe a crowne,
That knave the clarke can not be spyed;
For he is safe, if that in the alehouse
He maye syt typlyng of nut browne ale,
That oft he commes foorth as dronke as mouse, ✓
With a nose of his owne not greatly pale;
And this is not once, but every daye,
Almost of my faith throughout the whole yeare,
That he these trickes doth use to playe,
Withoute all shame, dread or feare.
He knoweth himselfe that yester nyghte,
The sayde yonge gentleman came to me,
And then desyred that he myght

---

* Compare Taming of the Shrew, ii, 1.

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This mornynge betymes maryed be;
But now I doubte it wyll be hye noone,
Ere that this busynes be quite ended,
Unlesse the knavysshe foole come very soone,
That this same thinge maye be dispatched;
And therfore synce that this noughty packe
Hath at this present me thus served,
He is like henceforwarde my good wyll to lacke,
Or els unwyse I myght be judged.
I am taught, hereafter, howe such a one to trust
In any matter concernynge the churche,
For if I shoulde, I perceyve that I must
Of myne owne honestie loose verye much.
And yet for all this, frome weeke to weeke,
For his stypende and wages he ever* cryeth,
And for the same contynually doth seeke,
As from tyme to tyme playnely appeareth;
But whyther his wages he hath deserved,
Unto you all I do me reporte,
Since that his duetie he hath not fulfylled,
Nor to the churche wyll scant resorte;
That many a tyme and oft† I am fayne
To play the priest, clarke, and all,
Thoughe thus to do it is great payne,
And my rewarde but very small;
Wherfore (God wyllynge) I wyll such order take,
Before that I be many dayes elder,

---

* *Never* in the original copy.

† Compare the Merchant of Venice, i, 3.

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That he shall be glad this towne to forsake,
And learne evermore to please his better,
And in such wyse all they shall be used,
Which in this parysshe entende to be clarkes;
Great pytie it were, the Churche shoulde bė disordered,
Bycause that such swylbowles* do not their warkes.
And to saye trueth, in many a place,
And other great townes besyde this same,
The priestes and parishioners be in lyke case,
Which to the churchwardens maye be a shame.
How shulde the priest his offyce fulfyll,
Accordyngly as in dede he ought,
When that the clarke wyll have a selfe wyll,
And alwayes in service tyme must be sought?
Notwithstandynge at this present there is no remedy,
But to take tyme as it doth fall,
Wherefore I wyll go hence and make me ready,
For it helpeth not to chafe or brall.

Here the Priest goeth out, and in commeth the Ryche Man.

THE RYCHE MAN.

Commynge this daye foorth of my chambre,
Even as for water to wasshe I dyd call,
By chaunce I espyed a certayne straunger,
Standynge beneath within my hall;
Who in very deede came from the inholder,
Wheras for a tyme my sonne dyd lye,
And sayde that his mayster had sent me a letter,

* Drunkards.

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And bade hym to brynge it with all spede possyblye;
Wherin he did write that as this daye,
That unthrifte,* my sonne, to a certein mayde
Shoulde then be wedded, without further delaye,
And hath borowed more than wyll be payde.
And synce that he harde he was my sonne,
By a gentelman or two, this other daye,
He thought that it shoulde be very well done,
To let me have knowledge therof by the waye;
And wylled me if that I woulde any thynge
Of hym to be done of me in this matter,
That then he his servaunt such worde shulde brynge,
As at his commynge he might do hereafter:
I bade hym thanke his mayster most hartelye,
And sent hym by hym a peece of venison,
For that he vouchesaved to wryte so gentely,
Touchynge the marying and state of my sonne;
But notwithstandynge I sent hym no money,
To paye such dettes as my sonne dyd owe,
Because he had me forsaken utterly,
And mee for his good father wolde not knowe;
And sayde that with hym I woulde not make,
From that daye forwarde, durynge my life,
But as he had brewed, that so he shulde bake,
Synce of hys owne choosynge he gat him a wife.
Thus whan his servaunte from me departed
Into my chambre I went agayne,
And there a great whyle I bitterly weeped,—
This newes to me was so great payne!

* "Upstart unthrifts."—Richard II.

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And thus with these wordes I began to mone,
Lamentynge and mournynge myselfe all alone:
O madnes, O dotynge of those yonge folke!
O myndes without wytte, advyse, and discretion,
With whom their parentes can beare no stroke
In their first matrimoniall conjunction:
They know not what myserye, griefe, and unquietnes,
Wyll hereafter ensue of their extreme foolysshenes;
Of all such laboures they be cleane ignorant,
Which in the nourisshynge and kepynge of chyldren,
To their great charges it is convenient
Either of them hencefoorth to sustayne:
Concernynge expences bestowed in a howse,
They perceyve as littell as doth the mouse.
On the one syde, the wyfe wyll brall and scolde,
On the other side the infant wyll crye in the cradell:
Anone when the chylde waxeth somwhat olde,
For meate and drynke, he begynnes to babble:
Hereupon commeth it, that at markettes and fayres
A husband is forced to bye many wares.
Yet for all this hath my foolysshe sonne,
As wyse as a wodcocke,* without any wytte,
Despysynge his fathers mynde and opynion,
Maryed a wyfe for hym most unfytte,
Supposynge that myrth to be everlastynge,
Which then at the fyrste was greatly pleasynge:
How they two wyll lyve I can not tell,

* Compare Taming of the Shrew, i, 2: "O this woodcock, what an ass it is!"

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Wherto they maye trust they have nothynge:
My mynde gyveth me, that they wyll come dwell
At length by their father, for wante of lyvinge;
But my sonne doubtles, for any thynge that I knowe,
Shall reape in such wyse as he dyd sowe;
True he shall fynde, that Hipponactes dyd wryte,
Who sayde with a wyfe are two dayes of pleasure;
The first is the joye of the maryage daye and nyght,
The seconde to be at the wyfes sepulture:
And this by experience he shall prove true,
That of his brydale great evylles do ensue.
And (as I suppose), it wyll prove in his life,
When he shall wysshe that to him it maye chaunce,
Which unto Eupolis and also his wife,
The nyght they were wedded, fell for a vengeaunce;
Who with the hevy ruyne of the bedde were slayne,
As the Poet Ovid in these two verses makes playne,

Si tibi conjugii nox prima, novissima vitæ,
Eupolis hoc periit et nova nupta modo.

Ovidius wrytinge agaynst one Ibis his enemye,
That the fyrst night of his maryage dyd wysshe
The last of his lyfe myght be certenly,
For so (quod he) dyd Eupolis and hys wife perysshe.
Yet to my sonne I praye God to sende,
Because therunto me nature doth bynde,
Thoughe he hath offended, a better ende,
Then Eupolis and his wyfe dyd fynde:
And nowe I shall longe ever anone,
Tyll some of those quarters come rydynge hyther,
Unto the which my sonne is gone,

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To knowe how they do lyve togyther.
But I am fastynge, and it is almost noone,
And more than tyme that I had dyned:
Wherfore from hence I wyll go soone;
I thinke by this tyme my meate is burned.

Here the Ryche Man goeth out, and in commeth the Yong Man his sonne with the Yong Woman, beynge both maryed.

THE HUSBANDE.

O my sweete wyfe, my pretye conye!

THE WYFE.

O my husbande, as pleasaunte as honnye.

H. O Lorde, what pleasures and great commodytie,
Are heaped togyther in matrimonye!

W. Howe vehement, howe stronge a thynge love is!
Howe many smyrkes, and dulsome kysses!

H. What smylynge, what laughynge!
What sporte, pastyme, and playenge!

W. What ticklynge, what toyinge!
What dalyenge, what joyenge!

H. The man with the wyfe is wholly delyghted,
And with many causes to laughter enforced.

W. Whan they two drynke, they drynke togyther;
They never eate, but one wyth another.

H. Somtymes to their garden foorth they walke,
And into the fyeldes somtymes they go,
With mery trickes and gestures they talke,
As they do move their feete to and fro.

W. Somtymes they ryde into the countrey,
Passynge the tyme wyth mirth and sporte;

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And when with their fryendes they have ben merye,
Home to their owne house they do resorte.

H. Somtymes abrode they go to see playes,
And other trym syghtes for to beholde:
When often they meete in the hye wayes
Muche of their acquaintance they knewe of olde.

W. Sometymes to the churche they do repayre,
To here the sermon that shal be made,
Thoughe it to remembre they have small care;
For why? they be now but fewe of that trade.

H. Somtymes at home at cardes they playe,
Somtymes at this game, somtymes at that;
They nede not with sadnes to passe the daye,
Nor yet to syt styll, or stand in one plat.

W. And as for us wyfes, occasions do move
Somtymes with our gossyppes to make good cheare,
Or els we dyd not, as dyd us behove,
For certayne daies and weekes in the yeare.

H. I thinke that a man might spende a whole daye,
Declarynge the joyes and endles blys,
Which maryed persones receyve alwaye,
If they love faythfullye, as meete it is.

W. Wyves can not choose but love earnestlye,
If that their husbandes do all thynges well;
Or els, my sweete harte, we shall espye,
That in quietnes they can not dwell.

H. If they do not, it maye be a shame,
For I love you hartelé I you assure:
Or els I were truely greatly to blame,
Ye are so lovynge, so kynde, and demure.

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W. I trust that with neither hande or foote,
Ye shall see any occasion by mee:
But that I love you even from the harte roote,
And durynge my lyfe so intende to be.

H. Who then merye maryage can discommende,
And wyll not with Aristotle in his Ethickes* agree?
But wyll saye, that myserye is the ende,
When otherwyse I fynde it to be:
A polytique man wyll marye a wyfe,
As the phylosopher makes declaration,
Not onely to have chyldren by his lyfe,
But also for lyvynge, helpe, and sustentacion.

W. Who wyll not with Herocles playnely confesse,
That mankynde to societie is wholly adjoynyng,
And in this societie neverthelesse,
Of worthy wedlocke tooke the begynnynge?
Without the which no cytie can stande,
Nor houshold be perfecte in any lande.

H. Pythagoras, Socrates, and Crates also,
Which truely were men of very small substaunce,
As I harde my father tell longe ago,
Dyd take them wyfes with a safe conscience;
And dwelled togyther, supposynge that they
Were unto philosophy nother stoppe nor staye.

W. Yea, what can be more accordynge to kynde,
Then a man to a woman hymselfe to bynde?

H. Awaye with those therfore that mariage despyse,

This confirms in some measure a reading in the Taming of the Shrew,—"or so devote to Aristotle's Ethicsk."

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And of daungers therof invent many lyes.

W. But what is he that commeth yonder ?
Do ye not thinke it is our man ?
Somewhat there is that he hasteth hyther,
For he makes as muche speed as he can.

Here the servaunte of the Ryche Mannes Sonne commeth in, with an errande to his mayster.

SERVAUNTE.

Mayster, there is a straunger at home,
He wolde very fayne with you talke :
For untyll that to hym you do come,
Forth of the doores he wyll not walke.

H. Come on then, my wyfe, if it be so,
Let us departe hence for a season :
For I am not well, tyll I do knowe
Of that mannes commynge the very reason.

Here they both go out, and their Servaunt doth tary behind alone.

SERVAUNTE.

Let them go bothe, and do what they wyll,
And with communicacion fyll their bealy :
For I, by Saint George, wyll tary here styll,
In all my lyfe I was never so werye !
I have this daye fylled so many pottes
With all maner wyne, ale, and beere,
That I wysshed their bealyes full of bottes,*
Longe of whom† was made suche cheare.

---

* "Begnawn with the bots."—Taming of the Shrew.

† Owing to whom.

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What kyndes of meate, both flesshe and fysshe,
Have I, poor knave, to the table caryed,
From tyme to tyme, dysshe after dysshe;
My legges from goynge never ceased!
What runnynge had I for apples and nuttes!
What callynge for biskettes, cumfettes and caroweies!*
A vengeaunce, sayde I, lyghte on their guttes
That makes me to turne so many wayes!
What cryinge was there for cardes and dice!
What roystyng,† what rufflynge made they within!
I counted them all not greatly wyse,
For my head dyd almost ake with dyn.
What bablyng, what janglynge‡ was in the house!
What quaffyng, what bybbyng with many a cuppe!
That some laye alonge as dronke as a mouse,
Not able so much as their heads to holde up!
What daunsynge, what leapyng, what jumpyng about
From benche to benche, and stoole to stoole,
That I wondered their braynes dyd not fall out,
When they so outragiously playde the foole!
What juglyng was there upon the boordes!
What thrustyng of knyves throughe many a nose!
What bearinge of formes, what holdinge of swordes,
And puttynge of botkyns§ throughe legge and hose!

---

* Caraway comfits. — See 2 Henry IV, and the blunders of the commentators corrected in my Dictionary of Archaisms, p. 231.

† Compare Troilus and Cressida, ii, 2.

‡ "Good wits will be jangling."—Love's Labor's Lost.

§ A dagger.—See Hamlet, iii, 1.

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Yet for all that they called for dryncke,
And sayde that they could not playe for drye,
That many at me dyd nodde and wynke,
Bycause I shoulde brynge it by and by.
Howsoever they sported, the pot dyd styll walke!
If that were awaye, then all was lost,
For ever anone the jugge was their talke,
They paste* not who bare suche charge and coste.
Therfore let hym looke his purse be ryght good,
That it may discharge all that is spente,
Or els it wyll make hys haere growe through his hood,
There was such havocke made at this present;
But I am afearde my maister be angrye,
That I dyd abyde thus longe behynde:
Yet for his angre I passe† not greatly,
His wordes they be but onely wynde!
Now that I have rested so longe in this place,
Homewarde agayne I wyll hye me apase.

Here the Servaunte goeth out, and in commeth fyrst Wyfe, and shortely after the Husbande.

THE WYFE.

Where is my husbande? was he not here?
I mervayle much whyther he is gone!
Than I perceyve I am much the nere:
But loe, where he commeth hyther alone!
Wot ye what, husbande, from daye to daye
With dayntye dysshes our bodyes have bene fylled?
What meate to-morowe nexte shall we assaye,

---

* Cared. † Care.

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Wherby we may then be both refresshed ?
H. Do ye nowe provyde and gyve a regarde
For victualles hereafter to be preparede ?
W. But that I knowe, husbande, it lyeth us in hande
Of thynges to come to have a consyderacion,
I would not ones wyll you to understande
Aboute such busynes my carefull provision :
It is nedefull therfore to worke we make hast,
That to get both our lyvynges we may knowe the cast.
H. To trouble me nowe, and make me vexed,
This mischievous meane hast thou invented.
W. What trouble for thee, what kynde of vexacion,
Have I, to disquiet thee, caused at this present?
My onely mynde is thou make expedycion
To seke for our profyte, as is convenient.*
Wherfore to thee I saye ones agayne,
Bycause to take paynes thou art so lothe,
By Christ it were best, with might and mayne,
To fall to some worke, I sweare a great othe!
H. Yet, for a tyme, if it maye the please,
Let me be quiet, and take myne ease.
W. Wilt thou have us then throughe hungre be starved ?
H. I woulde not we shulde for hungre be kylled.
W. Then, I saye then, this geare† go about,
And looke that thou laboure diligently,
Or els thou shalt shortly prove without doubt,
Thy sluggysshnes wyll not please me greatly.

---

* Necessary—fit. † Business.

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H. Begynnest thou even now to be paynefull and grevous,
And to thy husbande a woman so troublous?

W. What wordes have we here, thou misbegotten!
Is there not alredy ynoughe to be spoken?

H. O myrth, O joye, O pastyme and pleasure,
How lyttell a space do you endure!

W. I see my commaundement can take no place;
Thou shalt abye therfore, I sweare by the masse!

Here the Wyfe must stryke her Husbande handesomlye aboute the shoulders with some thyng.

H. Alas, good wyfe! good wyfe, alas! alas!
Stryke not so harde I praye thee hartelye!
What so ever thou wylte have brought to passe,
It shalbe done with all spede possyblye.

W. Laye these faggotes, man, upon thy shoulder,
And carye thys wood from streete to streete,
To sell the same, that we both togyther
Our lyvynge may get, as is most mete.
Hence, nidiot, hence, without more delaye!
What meanest thou thus to stagger and staye?

H. O Lorde! what, howe myserable men be those,
Whiche to their wyves as wretches be wedded,
And have them contynually their mortall foes,
Servynge them thus, as slaves that be hyred.
Nowe by experience true I do fynde,
Whiche oftentymes unto me heretofore
My father dyd saye, declarynge his mynde,
That in matrymonie was payne evermore;
What shall I do, most pityfull creature?

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Juste cause I have, alas! to lament:
That franticke woman my death wyll procure,
If so be this daye without gayne be spent!
For unlesse for my wood som money be taken,
Lyke a dogge with a cudgell I shalbe beaten!
Ho thou, good felowe, which standest so nye,
Of these heavy bundelles ease my sore backe,
And somewhat therfore gyve me by and by,
Or els I dye, for sylver I do lacke.
Nowe that I have some monye receyved
For this my burthen, home I wyll go,
And lest that my wyfe be discontented,
What I have take I wyll her showe.
Wyfe, I am come, I went a longe waye,
And here is the profyte and gaynes of this daye!

W. Why, thou lowte, thou foole, thou horson folte,*
Is this thy wood money, thou pevisshe† dolte?
Thou shalt smart for this geare, I make God avowe!
Thou knowest no more to sell wood then doth the sowe!

H. By Goddes precious, I wyll not unwysely suffre
To do as I have done any longer.

W. Why, doest thou ryse against me, villayne?
Take hede I scratche not out thy eyes twayne.

H. Scratch and thou dare, for I have a knyfe!
Perchaunce I wyll ryd the of thy lyfe!

W. Slaye me with thy knyfe, thou.....dastarde!
Doest thou thinke to fynde me suche a dissarde?

---

* Fool.—"Folte, *stolidus*."—Vocab. MS.

† Foolish—"Our peevish opposition."—Hamlet.

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By Coxe bones I wyll make thy skyn to rattell,
And the braynes in thy scull more depely to sattell.

Here the Wyfe must laye on lode uppon her Husbande.

H. Good wyfe, be content! forgeve my this faulte!
I wyll never agayne do that which is naught.

W. Go to, foolyshe calfe, go to, and upryse,
And put up thy knyfe I the advyse.

H. I wyll do your commandementes whatsoever.

W. Hence awaye, then, and fyll this with water.

H. O mercyfull God, in what lamentable state
Is he, of whom the wyfe is the mayster?
Wolde God I had bene predestinate,
On my maryage daye to have dyed wyth a fever!
O wretched creature, what maye I do?
My grievous wyfe shall I returne unto?
Lo! wyfe, beholde! withoute further delaye
The water ye sent for here I do brynge.

W. What, I saye? what meaneth this weepynge?
What ayleth the to make all this cryinge?

H. I weepe not, forsoothe, nor crye not as yet.

W. No, nor thou wilte not, if thou haste any wyt;
It is not thy weepynge, that can ought avayle,
And therfore this matter no longer bewayle.
Come of, I saye, and runne by the ryver,
And wasshe these clothes in the water.

H. Wyfe, I wyll thyther hye me faste.

W. Yet I advyse, thou cullyon,* make hast.

---

* Compare Taming of the Shrew, iv, 2.

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H. O howe unhappye and eke unfortunate
Is the moste parte of maryed mennes condycion!
I woulde to deathe I had bene agate,
When my mother in bearynge me made lamentacion.
What shall I do? wyther shall I turne?
Most carefull man nowe under the skye!
In the flamynge fyre I had rather burne,
Then with extreme payne lyve so heavylye!
There is no shyfte; to my wyfe I muste go,
Whom that I dyd wed; I am full wo!
Where are ye, wyfe? your clothes are washte cleane,
As whyte as a lylly,* without spot or steyne.

W. Thou thefe, thou caytyfe, why is not this place
Wasshed as fayre as all the rest?
Thou shalt for this geare now smoke apase!
By Gys,† I sweare, thou brutysshe beaste!

Here shee must knocke her Husbande.

H. Alas! alas! I am almost quyte deade!
My wyfe so pytyfully hath broken my head!

Here her Husbande must lye alonge on the grounde, as thoughe hee were sore beaten and wounded.

W. Well, I perceyve the tyme wyll awaye,
And into the countrey to go I have promysed;
Looke therfore thou go not from hence to daye,
Tyll home agayne I am returned.
Take hede, I saye, this howse thee retayne,
And styrre not for any thynge out of my doore,

---

* A common phrase.—See Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii, 3.

† Compare the song in Hamlet, iv, 5.

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Untyll that I come hyther agayne,
As thou wylte be rewarded therfore.

Here his Wyfe goeth out, and the Husbande taryeth behinde alone.

H. The flying and fiende go wyth my wyfe,
And in her journey ill maye she speede!
I praye God Almighty to shorten her lyfe!
The earth at no tyme doth beare suche a weede!
Although that I be a gentelman borne,
And come by my auncetours of a good blood,
Yet am I lyke to weare a cote torne,
And hither and thither go carye wood!
But rather then I this lyfe wyll abyde,
To-morowe mornynge I do intende
Home to my father agayne to ryde,
If some man to me his horse wyll lende.
She is to her gossypes gone to make mery,
And there she wyll be for three or foure dayes:
She cares not thoughe I do nowe miscarye,
And suffre suche payne and sorowe alwayes.
She leaveth to me neyther breade nor drynke,
But such, as I judge, no bodye wolde eate:
I myght by the walles lye dead and stynke,
For any great holsomnes in my meate.
She walketh abrode, and taketh her pleasure;
Herselfe to cherysshe is all her care:
She passeth not what griefe I endure,
Or howe I can lyve with noughty* fare:

* Bad. "This is a naughty night," Lear.

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And synce it is so, without further delaye,
To my father to-morowe I wyll awaye.

*Here he goeth out, and in commeth the Devyll.**

SATAN THE DEVYLL.

O, ho, ho, what a felowe am I!
Geve rowme, I saye, both more and lesse:
My strength and power hence to the skye
No earthly tonge can well expresse!
Oh what invencions, craftes, and wiles,
Is there conteyned within this head!
I knowe that he is within fewe myles,
Which of the same is throughly sped.
Oh, it was all my studye daye and nighte,
Connyngly to brynge this matter to passe:
In all the earth there is no wighte
But I can make to crye "alas!"
This man and wyfe, that not longe agoe
Fell in this place togyther by the eares:
It was onely I that this stryfe dyd sowe,
And have bene about it certayne yeares.
For after that I had taken a smell
Of their good wyll and fervent love,
My thought I shulde not tary in hell,
But unto debate them shortely move:
Oh! it was I that made hym despyse
All wisdome, goodnes, vertue, and learnynge,
That he afterwarde coulde in no wise
Ones in his harte fancie teachynge:

* The devil was generally attended by the Vice, but he is here introduced by himself, and the exact meaning of his part in this plot is somewhat a mystery.

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Oh! it was I that made hym refuse
The holsome monytion of his father dere,
And caused hym styll of a wife to muse,
As thoughe she shoulde be his joye and chere!
Oh! it was I that made hym go hence,
And suppose that his father was verye unkynde;
It was I that dyd dryve hym to such expence,
And made hym as bare as an ape is behynde.
And now that I have this busynes ended,
And joyned hym and his wyfe togyther,
I thynke that I have my part well played;
None of you all wolde do it better.
Ho! ho! ho! this well favoured heade of myne,
What thynge soever it hath in hande,
Is never troubled with ayle or wyne,
Neyther by sea, nor yet by lande.
I tell you I am a mervaylous bodye
As any is at this daye lyvynge:
My head doth devyse eche thynge so trymly,
That all men maye wonder of the endynge.
Oh! I have such fetches,* such toyes in this head,
Such crafty devyses, and subtyll trayne,
That whomsoever of you I do wed,
Ye are lyke at my handes to take small gayne.
There is no gentelman, knyght, or lorde,
There is no duke, earle, or kynge,
But, if I lyst, I can, with one worde,
Shortly sende unto their lodgynge.

* Tricks.—See King Lear.

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Some I disquiet with coveitousnes,
Some with wrath, pryde, and lecherye,
And some I do thruste into suche distresse,
That he feeleth onely payne and myserye.
Some I allure to have theire delyght
Alwayes in glotonye, envye and murdre,
And those thynges to practise with all theyr might
Either by lande or els by water.
Ho! ho! ho! there is none to be compared
To me, I tell you, in any poynte:
With a great sorte* myselfe I have tryed,
That boldly ventured many a joynt,
And when for a longe time we had wrestled,
And shewed our strength on eyther syde,
Yet often tymes a fall they receyved,
When throughe my polycye their feete dyd slyde.
Wherfore (my dere children) I warne ye all,
Take hede, take hede of my temptacion,
For commenly at the last ye have the fall,
And also brought to desperacion.
Oh! it is a folye for manye to stryve,
And thynke of me to get the upper hande,
For unlesse that God make them to thryve,
They cannot agaynst me sticke or stande:
And thoughe that God on hye have his domynion,
And ruleth the worlde everywhere,
Yet by your leave I have a porcion
Of this same earth that standeth here.

---

* Company.

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The kyngdome of God is above in Heaven,
And myne is I tell you beneth in hell;
But yet a greater place, if he had delt even,
He shulde have gyven me and myne to dwell:
For to my palace, of every nation,
Of what degree of birth soever they be,
Come runnynge in with such festination,*
That otherwhyles they amased me.
Oh! all the Jewes, and all the Turkes,
Yea and a great parte of Christendome,
When they have done my wyll and my workes,
In the ende they flye hither all and some†:
There is no minute of the daye,
There is no minute of the nyght,
But that in my palace there is alwaye
Crowydnge togither a mervaylous sighte;
They come on thicker then swarmes of bees,
And make such a noyse and cryinge out,
That many a one lyeth on his knees,
With thousandes kept under and closed about:
Not so much as my parlours, halles, and every chamber,
My porches, my galeryes, and my courte,
My entryes, my kytchyn, and my larder,
But with all maner people be fylled throughout!
What shall I saye more I can not tell,
But of this (my chyldren) I am certayne,
There comes more in one houre unto hell,
Then unto Heaven in a moneth or twayne!

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* Haste.—Lat. † Every one.

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And yet for all this, my nature is such
That I am not pleased with this company,
But out of my kyngdome I must walke muche,
That one or other I maye take tardye.
Ho! ho! ho! I am never ones afrayde
With these my clawes you for to touche,
For I wyll not leave tyll you be payde
Suche treasure as is within my pouche.
The world is my sonne, and I ame his father,
And also the flesshe is a doughter of myne;
It is I alone that taught them to gather
Both golde and sylver, that is so fyne;
Wherfore I suppose that they love me well,
And my commaundementes gladly obaye,
That at the last, then unto hell
They maye come all the redy waye.
But now (I knowe) synce I came hither,
There is such a multitude at my gate,
That I must agayne repayre down thyther
After myne olde maner and rate.

Here the Devyll goeth out, and in commeth the Rych man's Sonne alone.

THE SONNE.

Howe glad am I that my journey is ended,
Which I was about this whole daye!
My horse to stande styll I never suffred,
Because I woulde come to the ende of my waye:
But yet I am sorye that I can not fynde
My lovynge father at home at hys place,
That unto hym I maye breake my mynde,

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And let hym knowe my myserable case.

Here he confesseth his noughtynes, uttring the same with a pitifull voice.

I have ben wylde, I have ben wanton,
I have ever folowed my fancye and wyll:
I have ben to my father a frowarde sonne,
And from daye to daye contynued styll.
I have alwayes proudlye dysdayned those
That in my madnes gave me good counsell:
I counted them most my mortall foes,
And stowtely agaynst them dyd rebell.
The thynge that was good I greatly hated,
As one which lacked both wytte and reason;
The thyng that was evyll I ever loved,
Which now I see is my confusyon.
I coulde not abyde of the schole to heare;
Maysters and teachers my harte abhorred;
Methought the booke was not fyt geare
For my tendeer fyngers to have handled;
I counted it a pleasure to be daintely fed,
And to be clothed in costly arraye:
I woulde most commonly slugge in my bed,
Untyll it were verye farre forth daye.
And, to be shorte, anone after this,
Ther came such fansies in my brayne,
That to have a wyfe whom I might kysse,
I rekened to be the greatest gaine.
But yet, alas! I was quite deceyved;
The thynge itselfe doth easely appeare:
I woulde, alas! I had ben buryed,
When to my father I gave not eare!

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That which I had I have cleane spent,
And kept so much ryot with the same,
That now I am fayne a cote that is rent,
Alas! to weare for verye shame.
I have not a crosse lefte in my purse
To helpe myselfe nowe in my nede,
That well I am worthye of Goddes curse,
And of my father to have small mede.

Here the Rich Man must be as it were commynge in.

But excepte myne eyes do me beguyle,
That man is my father, whom I do see:
And now that he commes, without crafte or wyle,
To hym I wyll bende on eyther knee.
Ah! father, father, my father most dere!

F. Ah! myne owne chylde, with the what chere?

S. All such sayinges as in my mynde,
At the fyrst tyme ye studied to sattell,
Most true, alas! I do them fynde,
As thoughe they were written in the Gospell.

F. Those wordes, my sonne, I have almost forgotten;
Stand up, therfore, and kneele no longer,
And what it was I spake so often,
At two or three wordes, recyte to thy father.

S. If that ye be, father, well remembred,
As the same I beleve ye can not forget,
You sayde that so soone as I were maryed,
Much payne and trouble therby I shoulde get.

F. Hast thou by proofe, sonne, this thynge tryed?

S. Yea, alas! to much I have experyenced!
My wyfe, I dyd wed all full of frensye,

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My selye poore shoulders hath now so broused,
That lyke to a creple I move me weakly,
Beynge full often with the staffe thwacked:
She spareth no more my flesshe and bone,
Than if my bodye were made of stone!
Her wyll, her mynde, and her commaundement,
From that daye hyther I have fulfylled,
Which if I dyd not, I was bytterly shent,
And with many strokes grevously punysshed:
That woulde God the houre when I was marryed,
In the midste of the church I might have synked.
I thynke ther is no man under the sonne,
That here on the earth beareth lyfe,
Which wolde do such drudgerye as I have done,
At the unkynde wordes of suche a wyfe;
For howe I was used, and in what wyse,
A daye to declare wyll not suffyse.
Yf this be not true, as I have spoken,
To my good neyghbours I me reporte,
Who otherwhyles, when I was smytten,
My wyfe to be gentle dyd then exhorte:
For glad I was to abyde all laboure,
Wherby the lesse might be my doloure.*
Wherfore, good father, I you humblye desyre
To have pitye of me and some compassion,
Or els I am lyke to lye fast in the myre,
Without any succoure or consolation:
For at this houre I have not a peny,

* Grief. "My endless dolour."—Two Gentlemen of Verona.

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Myselfe to helpe in this great myserye.
F. For so muche, as by my advyse and counsell
In no maner wyse thou woldest be ruled,
Therfore to the I can not do well,
But let the styll suffre, as thou haste deserved,
For that thou hast suffred is yet nothynge
To that trybulation, whiche is behinde commynge.
S. Alas! father, what shall I do?
My wyttes of themselves can not devyse
What thynge I were best goe unto,
Wherof an honest lyvynge maye aryse:
Wherfore, gentle father, in this distresse,
Somewhat aswage myne hevynes.
F. What shoulde I do I can not tell,
For now that thou hast taken a wyfe,
With me, thy father, thou mayst not dwell,
But alwayes with her spende thy lyfe.
Thou mayst not agayne thy wyfe forsake,
Which durynge lyfe to the thou dydst take.
S. Alas! I am not able thus to endure,
Thoughe therunto I were never so wyllynge;
For my wyfe is of such a crooked nature,
As no woman els is this daye lyvynge,
And if the verye trueth I shall confesse,
She is to me an evyll that is endlesse.
F. If that thou thinkest thyselfe alone
Onely to leade this yrkesome lyfe,
Thou maiest learne what griefe, sorowe and mone,
Socrates had with Xantippa his wyfe;*

* Compare Taming of the Shrew, i, 2.

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Her hushande full ofte she tawnted and checked,
And, as the booke saythe, unhonestly mocked.
S. I can not tell what was Socrates wyfe,
But myne I do knowe, alas ! to well;
She is one that is evermore full of stryfe,
And of all scolders beareth the bell!
When she speaketh best, then brawleth her tonge;
When she is styll, she fyghteth apace;
She is an olde witch, thoughe she be yonge!
No mirth with her, no joye or solace !
F. I can not, my sonne, thy state redresse;
Me thy father thou dydst refuse;
Wherfore now helpe thy owne foolyshenes,
And of thy wyfe no longer muse!
S. My wyfe went foorth into the countrey
With certayne gossypes to make good chere,
And bad me at home styll to be,
That at her returne she might fynde me there:
And if that she do take me from home,
My bones, alas ! shee wyll make to crackell,
And me her husbande, as a starke mome,*
With knockyng and mockynge she wyll handell;
And, therfore, if I maye not here remayne,
Yet, lovynge father, geve me your rewarde,
That I maye with speede ride home againe,
That to my wyfes wordes I have some regarde.
F. If that at the fyrst thou woldest have bene ordered,
And done as thy father counsayled the,

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* Fool.—See Comedy of Errors, iii, 1.

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So wretched a lyfe had never chaunced,
Wherof at this present thou complaynest to me;
But yet come on, to my house wee wyll be goynge,
And ther thou shalt see what I wyll gyve,—
A lyttel to helpe thy nedye lyvynge,
Synce that in such penurye thou doest lyve;
And that once done, thou must hence agayne,
For I am not he that wyll the retayne.

*Here the Ryche Man and his Sonne go out, and in commeth the Peroratour.**

THE PERORATOUR.

This Interlude here, good gentle audience,
Which presently before you we have played,
Was set foorth with such care and diligence,
As by us truely myght well be shewed.
Shorte it is I denye not, and full of brevitie,
But if ye marke therof the matter,
Then choose ye can not but see playnely
How payne and pleasure be knyt togyther.
By this lytell playe the father is taught
After what maner his chylde to use,
Least that throughe cockerynge† at length he be brought
His fathers commaundement to refuse;
Here ye maye learne a wyttie‡ lesson,
Betymes to correcte his sonne beynge tender,
And not let hym be lost and undone
With wantonnes, of mischiefe the mother;

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* The person who spoke the Epilogue—(Lat).

† Indulgence. ‡ Clever.—See Taming of the Shrew.

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For as longe as the twygge is gentell and plyent,
(Every man knoweth this by experience),
With small force and strength it maye be bent,
Puttynge therto but lytell dylygence;
But after that it waxeth somewhat bigger,
And to cast his braunches largely begynneth,
It is scant the myght of all thy power,
That one bowghe therof easely bendeth:
This twygge to a chylde maye well be applyed,
Which in his childehoode, and age of infancie,
With small correction maye be amended,
Embracynge the schole with harte and bodie,
Who afterwarde, with over much lybertye,
And rangynge abrode with the brydell of wyll,
Despyseth all vertue, learnynge, and honestye,
And also his fathers mynde to fullfyll:
Wherby at the length it so falleth out
That this, the yonge stryplynge, after that daye
Runnes into confusyon without any doubte,
And lyke for evermore quyte to decaye.
Wherfore take hede, all ye that be parentes,
And folowe a parte after my counsell;
Instructe your chyldren and make them studentes,
That unto all goodnes they do not rebell;
Remember what writeth Salomon the wyse,
Qui parcit virgæ, odit filium;
Therfore for as muche as ye can devyse,
Spare not the rodde, but folowe wisdome:
Further, ye yonge men, and chyldren also,
Lysten to me and harken a whyle,

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What in fewe wordes for you I wyll showe,
Without any flatterye, fraude, or guyle.
This Riche mans Sonne, whome we dyd set foorth
Here evidently before your eyes,
Was, as it chaunced, nothinge worth,
Gyven to all noughtynes, vyce, and lyes.
The cause wherof was this for a trueth ;
His tyme full idlely he dyd spende,
And woulde not studye in his youth,
Which might have brought him to a good ende ;
His fathers commaundement he wolde not obaye,
But wantonly folowed his fantasye,
For nothynge that he coulde do or saye
Woulde brynge this chylde to honestie.
And at the last (as here ye myght see)
Upon a wyfe he fixed his mynde,
Thynkynge the same to be felicitie,
When in dede myserye came behynde ;
For by this wyfe he carefully* lyved,
Who under his father did want nothinge,
And in suche sorte was hereby tormented,
That ever anone he went lamentynge.
His father dyd wyll him lyghtnes† to leave,
And onely to gyve himselfe unto studye,
But yet unto vertue he would not cleave,
Which is commodious for soule and bodye.
You hearde that by sentences auncient and olde,
He styrred his sonne as he best thought ;

* With care or sorrow. † Levity.—Cf. Taming of Shrew, iv, 2.

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But he, as an unthryft, stowte and bolde,
His holsome counsell dyd set at nought ;
And synce that he despysed his father,
God unto hym dyd sodeynly then sende
Such povertie with a wyfe, and griefe togyther,
That shame and sorowe was his ende.
Wherfore to conclude, I warne you all
By your lovynge parentes alwayes be ruled,
Or els be well assured of suche a fall
As unto this yong man worthely chaunced.
Worshyp God dayly, whiche is the chiefe thynge,
And his holy lawes do not offende :
Looke that ye truely serve the kynge,
And all your faultes be glad to amende :
Moreover, be true of hande and tonge,
And learne to do all thynges that be honest,
For no tyme so fytte, as when ye be yonge,
Because that age onely is the aptest.
I have no more to speake at this season,
For verye good wyll these thynges I dyd saye,
Bycause I do see that vertue is geason*
With most men and chyldren at this daye.

Here the rest of the Players come in and kneele downe all togyther, eche of them sayinge one of these verses.

And last of all to make an ende,
O God to the we most humblye praye,
That to Queene Elizabeth thou do sende
Thy lyvely pathe and perfecte waye !

* Scarce—rare.

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Graunte her in health to raygne
With us many yeares most prosperouslye,
And after this lyfe for to attayne
The eternall blysse, joye, and felycytie!
Our byshoppes, pastoures, and mynisters also,
The true understandynge of thy worde,
Both nyght and daye, nowe mercyfully showe,
That their lyfe and preachynge maye godly accorde.
The Lordes of the Counsell, and the nobylytie,
Most heavenly father, we thee desyre,
With grace, wisdome, and godly polycie,
Their hartes and myndes alwayes inspyre.
And that we thy people, duely consyderynge
The power of our Queene and great auctorytie,
Maye please thee and serve her without faynynge,
Lyvynge in peace, rest, and tranquilytie.

GOD SAVE THE QUEENE.

A SONGE.

Why doth the worlde studye vayn glory to attayne,
The prosperytye wherof is shorte and transitory,
Whose mighty power doth fall downe agayne,
Lyke earthen pottes, that breaketh sodaynly?
Beleve rather wordes that be wrytten in ice,
Then the wretched world with his subtylytie,
Disceytfull in giftes, men onelie to entyce,
Destytute of all sure credence and fydelytie.
Gyve credyt more to men of true judgementes,
Then to the worldly renowne and joyes,
Replenysshed with dreames and vayne intentes,
Aboundynge in wicked and noughtye toyes.

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Where is now Salomon, in wisdome so excellent ?
Where is now Sampson, in battell so stronge ?
Where is now Absolon, in beautie resplendent ?
Where is now good Jonathas, hyd so longe ?
Where is now Cesar, in victorye tryumphynge ?
Where is now Dives, in disshes so dayntie ?
Where is now Tully, in eloquence excedynge ?
Where is now Aristotle, learned so depely?
What emperours, kyngs, and dukes in times past,
What earles and lordes, and captaynes of warre,
What popes and bysshoppes, all at the last,
In the twynkynge of an eye are fled so farre ?
Howe shorte a feaste is this worldly joyenge ?
Even as a shadowe it passeth awaye,
Depryvynge a man of gyftes everlastynge,
Leadynge to darkenes and not to daye !
O meate of wormes, O heape of duste,
O lyke to dewe, clyme not to hye !
To lyve to morowe thou canst not truste,
Therfore now betyme helpe the nedye.
The flesshely beautie, wherat thou doest wondre,
In holy Scripture is lykened to haye,
And as a leafe in a stormye weather,
So is mannes lyfe blowen cleane awaye.
Calle nothynge thyne that maye be lost,
The worlde doth gyve and take agayne,
But set thy mynde on the holy Ghoste ;
Despyse the worlde that is so vayne !

FINIS.

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